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Life

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Heart to Heart



The Great Liars' Number of Life

NEXT WEEK

Maybe you have been brought up to tell the truth, and have had your whole career saddened thereby. In that case the next number of LIFE will be a great help. Lying in all its alluring forms is touched upon in this Number. By reading it carefully, it is possible to become an accomplished liar without undue haste.



Our Spring Drive

for new subscribers is now on. This is the season of the year when you need a tonic. Instead of taking tablets why not take LIFE for the next few weeks? See coupon which has been placed on this page by the shameless business office.



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217



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A Valentine

1852

WOULD I might kiss that crimson
lip,
With honied smiles o'erflowing;
Would I might watch the opening rose
Upon thy soft cheek glowing.
Thy glorious tresses to thy waist
In raven blackness sweep;
Two tiny feet, in velvet cased,
Beneath thy dresses peep.

I bow me to thy beauty's spell,
And wish those charms were mine.
I'd love thee always passing well,
And be thy Valentine.

1922

I DARE not kiss that crimson lip,
Lest it should need renewing;
Upon thy cheek the opening rose
Now takes a lot of doing.
Thy glorious tresses are no more
Since Fashion orders "bobbing";
Knees now peep out, whenas of yore
Feet set my pulses throbbing.
But just the same—
I bow me to thy beauty's spell,
And wish those charms were mine.
I'd love thee always passing well,
And be thy Valentine.

George K. Denny.



"How much'll ye gimme to come off the ice?"



Young Doctor: Look here, Isabel, considering that I have just started practicing, isn't that string of pearls rather an extravagance?
"My dear boy, I wouldn't love you as I do if I hadn't implicit confidence in your future success."

Traffic Suggestions

THE new system of traffic regulation for New York City has possibilities of a social nature. By it, a single traffic dictator seated in the center of the city presses a button, causing scores of red lights to flash, thereby sending thousands of north and south-bound vehicles on their way and halting thousands of those east and west-bound. In half a minute (which is sincerely reckoned by those waiting as no less than half an hour) another button is pushed and the east and west-bound surge forward muttering: "Well, it's about time!"

On this same principle, a central directing station might regulate people

rushing up the station stairs to trains and the people rushing down to the subway. In this way, both trains and subways would be nicely missed, but it would save a great many bodily collisions and rolling derbies and bundles.

Likewise, a red light might be flashed which would give the right of way to all waiters in the city who wanted to go through swinging doors into the kitchen. Then, in half a minute, another signal would allow those in the kitchen waiting with trays full of food to push into the dining-room. Rough estimates place the value of the crockery which would be saved by this device at \$16,450 in one year.

Ballade of the Eternal Feminine

THE quest for love and beauty goes
 Its modern way a trifle lame;
 We grasp the thorn and not the rose,
 We get no warmth but fan the flame;
 The ladies, bless them, *will* not tame;
 Romance has lost its rosy glow;
 But yet they play an ancient game:
 They still mean "Yes" when saying
 "No."

Through modish mock and mannish
 pose

They will admit—perhaps with
 shame—

A slight penchant for blades and beaux,
 Some mild concern for hearts to
 maim.

What boots it now to trace the
 blame?

The girls have changed; let's take
 them so.

One trait is not *passé*, I claim:
 They still mean "Yes" when saying
 "No."

Spinets and frills and furbelows,—
 Alas! We know not whence they
 came

Nor where they went like Villon's
 snows;

The minuet is but a name;

The ballot box leads on to fame!

Though ladies now permit no show
 Of sighs that shake the mortal
 frame,

They still mean "Yes" when saying
 "No."

Envoy

Mere man, take heart, for still the same
 Are they as centuries ago.

Dan Cupid only hides his aim:

They still mean "Yes" when saying
 "No."

Elias Lieberman.

The same button which regulated dining-room swing-doors might also give some semblance of order to the passage through revolving doors throughout the city. At present, conditions are such that elderly and infirm people are every day being swirled around and around in a disgusting fashion, to say nothing of being projected out into the street at the whim of every energetic youth who likes to spin doors.

But, however it is arranged, there is always going to be the cry of "favoritism" aimed at the man in the central office by those who are kept waiting.

R. C. B.



Clare Eames

La Vielle Noblesse

THEY say that Royalty is obsolete,
That Kings and Queens are foolish and effete
And all their gorgeous panoply a cheat :
So cries the crowd.
And yet, methinks, they waste their silly breath,
For how can all that glory die the death
While you re-incarnate Elizabeth,
The Princess proud ?

"Le roi est mort !" There is no answering "Vive
Le roi !" The proletarians believe
Queens are extinct and no one seems to grieve;
Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !
And yet, somehow, I feel that all the plots
Of revolutionary polyglots
Can never conquer Mary, Queen of Scots,
While you are here !

George S. Chappell

The Deathless Three

AN American statistician with a humorous turn of mind has discovered that the three historical characters who provide the American public with subject-matter for the greatest number of jests are Saint Peter, Solomon and George Washington. They have been best-sellers for a quarter of a century, and stand peerless in their supremacy to-day.

The Washington joke and the Solomon joke hang upon single circumstances in these great men's careers, and are kept alive by intensive cultivation. When the Rev. Mason Weems evolved the cherry-tree story out of the depths of his moral consciousness, he little dreamed that he was giving to his country its great national jest, which for a hundred and sixteen years has never failed to please. It is reborn every twenty-second of February. It is a godsend to humorous orators and comic historians. It is accorded the place of honor in Mr. Owen Wister's recently published volume of "Indispensable Information for Infants."

"Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite monotony."

The name of King Solomon is enshrined in the heart of legend and romance; but it is only as the apocryphal husband of a thousand wives that he furnishes an age-long and

immemorial joke. As the cost of living increases, and the ascendancy of woman becomes more painfully pronounced, this joke acquires an acrid pungency. LIFE must acknowledge its deep indebtedness to the thousand wives, who have adorned its pages for years, and whose end is not yet. It is said that the first and fairest of these ladies, the great Egyptian princess, brought as part of her dowry a thousand different kinds of musical instruments. No wonder she had rivals. A quiet man wedded to an orchestra wins easy pardon for delinquencies.

Saint Peter as gatekeeper of Heaven differs proudly from his competitors. It is no importunate virtue or modest transgression of his at which we mock, but the serio-comedy of life which culminates at his portal. There is a sweeping breadth about this time-honored jest, as dear to the twelfth century as to the twentieth. It admits of truth-telling. It carries the sting of morality. It makes the wives and the cherry tree a trifle tame and colorless. The joke is on Solomon, the joke is on Washington; but the joke is never on the Saint. It is on *us*.
Agnes Repplier.

"WHAT sort of a time did you have at my house last night?"

"Very fine. Your wife was charming."

"You don't say? I must try to get there some time."



"I understand you were cold sober at the Smithsons' party last Saturday."

"Damn it all—that's a dirty slander."



More Head than Heart

Mother: Jessie, the next time you hurt that kittie, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it I'll slap you. If you pull its ears I'll pull yours. If you pinch it I'll pinch you.
Jessie (after a moment's thought): Mamma, I'll pull its tail.

Formulæ for the Great American Short Story

Dorothy Parker

MRS. JOHN COLLINGWOOD is bored with luxury and lack of employment. Her husband comes home and informs her that he has lost everything. They dismiss the servants and move to a little house in the country, where Mrs. C. finds happiness in housework, cooking, chicken-tending, and the wearing of bungalow aprons. Her husband comes home and tells her that he did not lose his money at all.

Old Jim Henderson is found in his library, stabbed to death by a paper knife. Suspicion logically rests on his penniless nephew, the penniless girl he had adopted, and the penniless widow of his brother. It is revealed that the murder was done by a gardener whose daughter Henderson had refused to marry. The gardener dies of heart failure.

Maizie, who works daytimes behind the perfume counter at Van Arsdale & Weingraub's, sits in her hall bedroom dreaming over a photograph of young Schuyler Van Arsdale in polo costume, which she has cut from a society paper. Next day young Van Arsdale happens to be strolling through his father's store. His eye is caught by Maizie's wild-rose beauty. They become engaged. Old Mr. and Mrs. Van Arsdale are delighted.

Trueheart, half collie and half wolf, kills two bears that are nosing the unconscious body of Elaine Follansbee, Eastern society belle, who has lost her way in the woods while touring God's country. Trueheart carries her to a cave, and hides her there. He then lopes to the cabin of

clean-limbed Dan Hutchins, whom he leads to the cave. The dog stands silhouetted against the sky watching the man and woman return to the little town, his arm about her waist, then turns and lopes off into the heart of the forest.

Cora Le Maire, world-famous actress, while playing a one-night stand, drops in to visit a friend whom she has not seen since they were girls together. The friend has married a poor man, and must do all the work of their squalid little flat. She looks ten years more than her real age, her hair is straggly, and her clothes are home-made. But as she bends over the bed of her two children, there is something in her eyes. Cora Le Maire enters her lonely limousine, and returns to her silent, orchid-lined dressing-room, where she sits thinking.

Live and Let Live

"LIVE and let live," hummed the mosquito to the dragon fly as he punctured the fat man's plump wrist.

"Live and let live," said the dragon fly to the king-bird, his mouth full of juicy mosquito steak.

"Live and let live," sang the king-bird to the hawk as he crunched a dragon fly's drumstick.

"Live and let live," whistled the hawk to the hunter, gulping a morsel of king-bird's liver.

"Darn these mosquitoes! They won't let a man live," growled the hunter, swatting a mosquito, while admiring the wing-spread of the dead hawk.

Life



Lines

RECENT photographs of Trotzky would indicate that he has forsaken Karl Marx for Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

⌚
Slogan of the United Perfumers' Association: Spray it with flowers.

⌚
Paderewski has been requested to write his memoirs. Doubtless the title of the book will be "Remember the Mane."

⌚
The editor of the *Erie Railroad Magazine* wants relics for the Erie Railroad Museum—"old passes, timetables, lanterns, tools, books, records, pictures, etc."

Why not one of the coaches still in daily use?

⌚
Evidently, the Prohibitionists can't see the light—wines and beer.

⌚
The home brewer is Prohibition's bowl evil.

⌚
Hard Times for Press Agents.—*Headline.*

We should say so! The watch company that made the dollar famous is in bankruptcy and the brewery that made Milwaukee famous has been closed up for two years.

⌚
Motto of the new peace dollars: What shall we do to be saved?

⌚
"Pearl ropes are being worn on the upper arm instead of around the neck, this season."—*News item.*
Bivalves to biceps.

⌚
Motto for diplomatists: Make hate while the sun shines.

⌚
The more we strive for peace on earth, the more it seems that the dove of peace is a bird of paradise.

⌚
Only about two tons, now, until spring.

These millionaire movie directors should thank their lucky stars.

⌚
From one grouch to another—"Oh, say it with glowers!"

Dr. Frederick A. Cook—the same old Doc of Polar fame—has turned up again as president of a Texas Oil Company. The list of stockholders in this corporation does not include the King of Denmark.

⌚
Thieves Loot Warsaw National Bank.—*Headline.*

Athletes, apparently, since they went in for a Pole vault.

⌚
Why not start a foundation for the League of Nations?

⌚
A movement is on foot in the New York Legislature to give women the same rights as men. Why begin to limit them just as they have got started?

⌚
The garment workers have ended their strike. On with the pants!

⌚
It was through an accident that Edison discovered the principle of the talking-machine. Now we can understand Gibbon's prophetic remark that "Accident is commonly the parent of disorder."

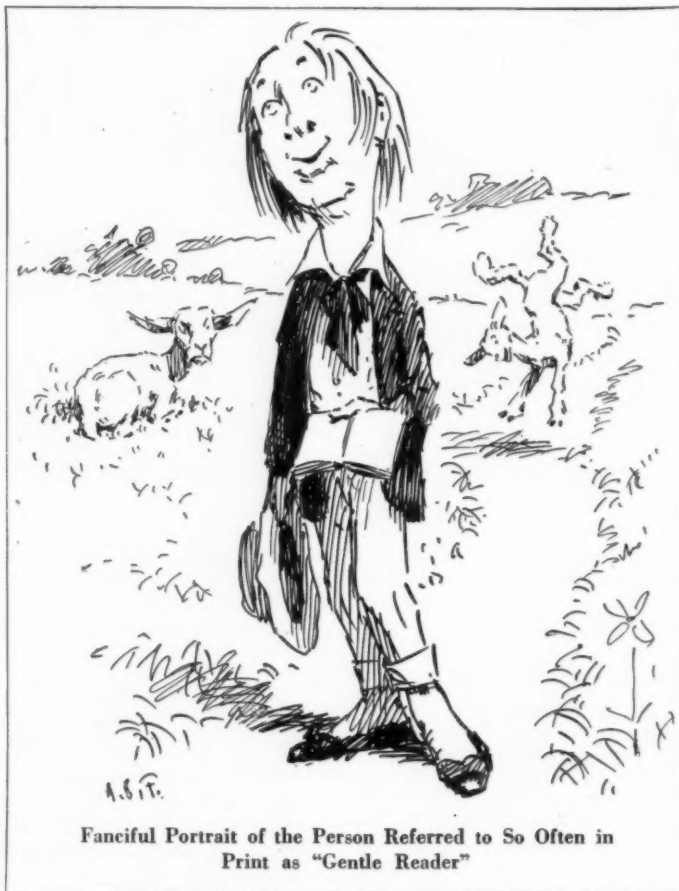
⌚
A New Yorker is not without prominence, save in his own city.

⌚
It seems to have been generally agreed that the only nations that are to be permitted to use poison gas in future warfare are those that are able to manufacture it.

⌚
France seems to believe that Germany isn't as painted as she is black.

⌚
The new silver peace dollars refuse to stack. That is the trouble we all had with the old dollar bill.

⌚
"Say it with moonshine"—the flowers will come later.



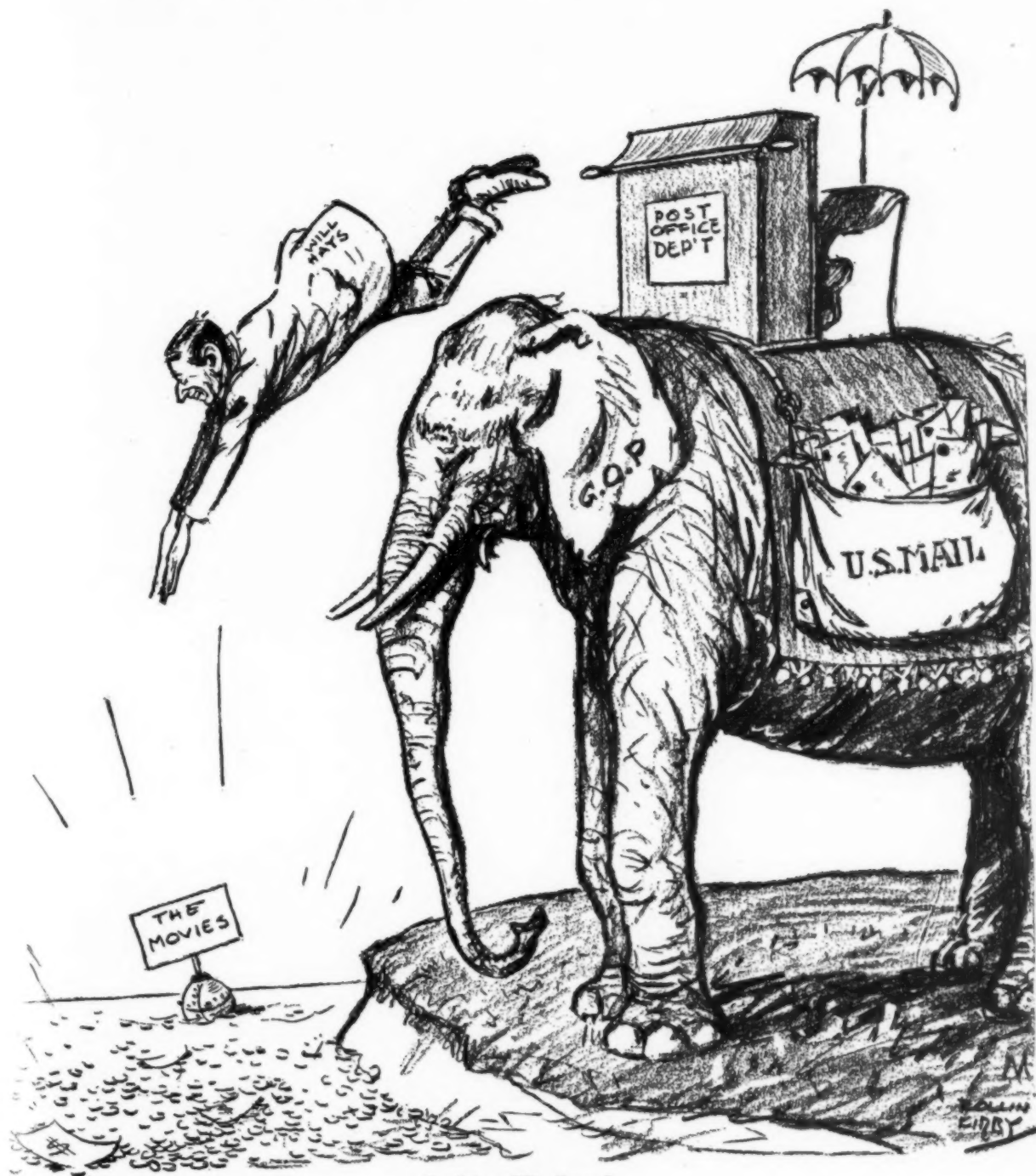
Fanciful Portrait of the Person Referred to So Often in Print as "Gentle Reader"

According to the Anti-Prohibition advocates, the first, second and fourth letters are the most pronounced in the word "Liberty."

⌚
If we taxed some Congressmen on the American Valuation Plan we'd owe them money.

⌚
What has become of the non-refillable bottle?

⌚
Why doesn't someone develop a stalk of asparagus that will dart into one's mouth at a given signal?

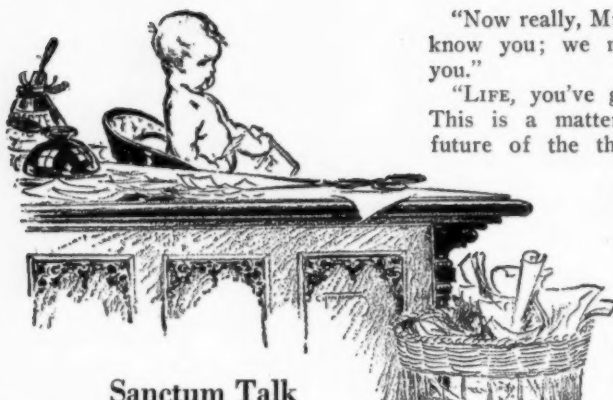


Seeking His Level

Fashion Notes

IT has been definitely announced by the court dressmakers that full dress will be worn at the wedding of Princess Mary. This means that while there will be no veils or plumes, most of the women will wear head lappets and jewels in their hair. According to the statement, "the men's costume will be either court dress or full dress uniform, but for soldiers without dress uniform, service uni-

form will be permitted." Announcement has also been made by the Great War Veterans' Unemployment Commission that, during the winter months, for ex-soldiers without civilian overcoats, service overcoats will be permitted. For those without service overcoats, newspapers, when tucked under the coat, are said to be warmer than nothing.



Sanctum Talk

"LIFE!" "George M. Cohan! What an honor!"

"Now please, LIFE, no satire. I came in to—"

"Why, you're trembling; you're blushing; you—"

"Sh! Are we entirely alone? This mustn't get out. Yes, I am. Fact is, I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself!"

"A New York theatrical manager ashamed of himself! Mr. Cohan, impossible!"

"You don't know me. Secretly, LIFE, I am my own severest critic. And besides, I've made statements—"

"You mean about the Actors' Equity?"

"Yes, and also—"

"I understand, Mr. Cohan; I sympathize. It's temperament; you see, with your great talents—"

"And then I've been spoiled; money success has—"

"Now really, Mr. Cohan, don't! We know you; we make allowances for you."

"LIFE, you've got to listen to me! This is a matter that concerns the future of the theatrical world; that concerns itself with justice, with beauty, nay, with cleanliness."

"And the public, Mr. Cohan, doesn't understand a thing about it. All the public knows is that there is some sort of fight on between the

Actors' Equity and the theatrical managers, and that you—"

"That I've been threatening to quit, and talking like a—"

"There, there, old man; don't begin to pity yourself or you'll have me bursting into tears."

"What shall I do?"

"The facts are quite simple. The actors of this country, including the very best among them, have for years been subjected to many abuses on the part of some unscrupulous managers—not all, but some. They have been left stranded, their pay has been withheld, and they have been forced into doubtful contracts. And now not only in self-defense, but with a legitimate desire to place our Drama on a better basis than at present, they have organized themselves into the Actors' Equity Association."

"And I am fighting them. Isn't it terrible!"

"Awful! You, who should have had a larger vision; you, who should have forgotten yourself in a spirit of devotion to a good cause; you, who—"

"Don't rub it in, LIFE. I feel badly enough already. I ought to have used my talents for better purposes. Instead of fighting them I should—"

"It isn't too late, Mr. Cohan."

"Sh! Don't say anything about this, will you?"

"Trust me!"

"I want to think it over."

"And if you decide, Mr. Cohan?"

"I'll let you know. LIFE, you have made me feel better! You have given me an honest impulse!"

"Then obey it—"

"Well, I'll—"

"Good morning, George Cohan."

"Au revoir, perhaps!"

T. L. M.

His Souvenirs

MY sweet and lovely Valentine
Of fifteen years ago,
I pen this little screed of mine
With wish to let you know
I've not forgotten—I am true
To every souvenir of you.

The little glove you lost I keep—
Your handkerchief I prize;
And frequently in dreamy sleep
I see your lovely eyes;
But I admit with honest shame—
I cannot quite recall your name.

I've penned the screed—I've sung the song—
And now I rack my brain.
To whom did this small glove belong?
I really can't explain
How came I by this bit of lace.
I can't recall the owner's face.

P. S.
I must be wrong!
Upon my life!
The things belong
To my own wife!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.



Hubby: Well, if that gossip about Mrs. Rush is true, she's worse than I thought she was. Where did you hear it?

Wifey: I heard it yesterday at the meeting of the Charitable Society.

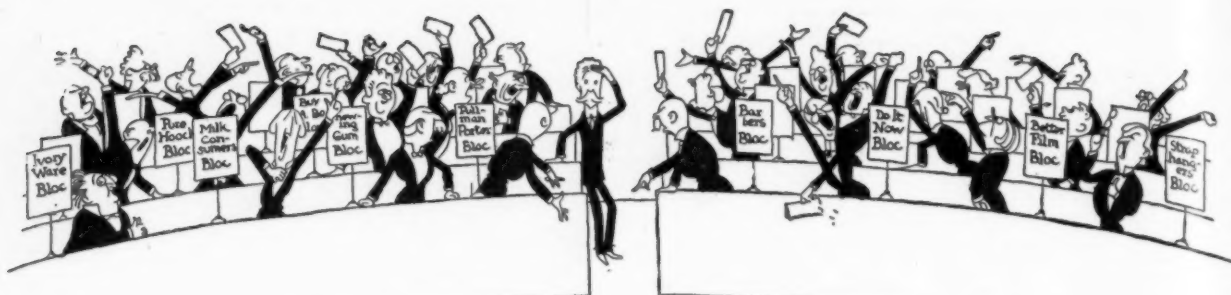
Quantitative

THE ARTIST (in despair): I am afraid I shall have to paint your wife all over again.

THE HUSBAND: And she takes such a lot of paint.



When Love Was Young
The tale of an ancient Valentine



Senator Sounder Asserts Himself

In the Presence of Forty-Six Blocs There Is Nothing Else to Do

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—There is no use disguising the fact that things are in a bad way with the Majority on Capitol Hill; if something isn't done about it quickly we may not have any Republican party left, and you will see Senator Lodge standing for re-election next fall on the Farmer-Labor Ticket. In fact, I feel that the time has come for a statesman of my own clear perception and national following to take over the reins and steer the Party boat safely through the shoals that threaten to engulf it. So I sound the cry of distress of all politicians and amateur typewriters: Now is the time to come to the aid of the party!

The trouble is partly due to the Administration, which in asking Congress to make good on campaign pledges like reducing taxes and helping business and so on, has stirred up all kinds of ill feeling in an otherwise peaceful session. Campaign pledges are all very well as such, but, like sleeping dogs, they should be let lie.

* * *

THEN there are the treaties—four-power treaties, nine-power treaties, possibly even the forty-two-power treaty that we rejected recently. As one of the bulwarks of Republican harmony, I had prepared a neat little treatise proving conclusively that the party's firm stand against foreign entanglements was really paving the way for these treaties. But to my dismay certain disrupters of Republican peace—Borahs from within, so to speak—have declared that they meant exactly what they said when they opposed the League of Nations. You can't keep a party working smoothly with fellows like that in it.

But the greatest trouble of all comes from the appearance in Congress of the bloc system. The name is derived from

the railroad term, I suppose, because of the ease with which a small minority can railroad its measures through. The system is quite popular in European parliaments, I believe, where the members are divided into Centre blocs, Left Centre, Left, Upper Left, Lower Left, Extreme Left, and so on. It must be very confusing to the legislators; I know that I for one should always be getting into the wrong section and voting against my own party.

The two-party system of government, I maintain, is the only effective system, especially when the Republicans are in power. Yet now we have not only the two great parties to consider, but the

farm bloc, the Pacific Coast bloc, the irrigation bloc, the ex-soldier bloc, and Tom Watson.

* * *

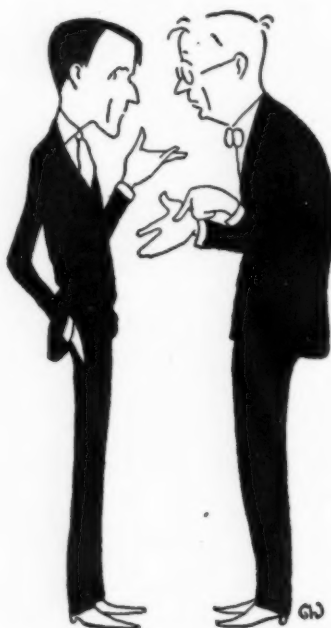
THE most important of these, the farm bloc, explains itself by saying that the farmer is in a bad way and needs help. The only trouble with that is that some 952 other classes of occupation feel exactly as the farmer does, and if they are each to be represented by a bloc we shall have to build two or three new capitols.

Imagine Senator Lodge, majority leader, reporting the party's protective tariff bill to the Senate. Senator Flup-pit announces that he will support the bill, if, as leader of the barbers' bloc, he is allowed to insert an amendment prohibiting the importation or manufacture of safety razors. Senator Toosey, spokesman of the chewing-gum bloc, says he will vote regular, if the duty on chewing gum is doubled, whereat Senator Phiff declares that the Movie Patron bloc will defeat the bill if Senator Toosey's amendment is carried.

* * *

FORTY-SIX other blocs present their demands, with the result that when enough concessions and compromises have been made to pass the bill, it is found to be a free-trade document. At this point someone discovers that as a member of the Pullman Porter bloc, the Drama League bloc, the Ivory Ware bloc, and the Say-it-with-flowers bloc, I have, through a slight misunderstanding, cast four votes. So the whole thing is called off, and the bill goes back to committee for another year.

Obviously, effective legislation under those conditions would be even less possible than it is to-day. So I sound, with as much strength as possible, the battle cry of all good party men: "Block the bloc!"



Senators Capper and Kenyon explaining to each other that, since the farmers are the backbone of the nation, we need a 52% sur-tax rate.



The Sisters

Mabel Cleland Ludlum

NOW Mary kept her love in a
basket,
Covered over with care.
But Elizabeth carried her love in a
sieve
And scattered it everywhere.

Mary walked carefully through the
world,
Looking not to left nor right,
But Elizabeth's eyes were here and
there,
And her feet were swift and light.

And at last they came to Life's gray house,
With the goods they had to sell,
And Mary put down her basket of love,
And old Life praised her well.

And Life gave Mary a plot of ground,
And a house in which to live,
But Elizabeth got but a blue silk gown,
For her bent little empty sieve.

Now Mary lived alone in state,
And high on a dusty shelf,
She kept a basket of covered love,
That no one saw but herself.

But Elizabeth followed the winding road,
Dressed in her blue silk gown,
And she met a lad who was whistling
a tune,
Whose eyes were a woodland brown.

So Mary lives alone with herself,
With her love kept under a cover,
But Elizabeth follows a rainbow road,
With a dark-eyed Gypsy lover.

Hitherto Unpublished Correspondence

THE letters of so many people are being gathered together and published of late that it behooves one to stop and think, before placing pen to paper, "How will this look in a deckle-edged volume, with an introduction by my son?"

The idea induces several severe chills on thinking back to what has already gone out over my signature. I certainly had no idea of publicity being given to the following when I wrote it to the Home Development and Mortgage Co.:

"September 17, 1921.

"Gentlemen: I have just returned from a business trip to Europe, lasting over three months, and find your notice stating that the June payment on my second mortgage is overdue. I assure you that nothing short of my absence from this country would have made me so dilatory. You can imagine my

surprise and irritation on finding that my office had neglected to forward the notice to me. Enclosed find check, etc."

My surprise and irritation mentioned in this letter would be nothing to my chagrin and confusion in the event of the letter's being printed, for it is a matter of public record that I was not in Europe at all last summer, but at home, writing the following letters:

"July 1st, 1921.

"Dear Mrs. Reach: I am terribly sorry, but Lucy and I will be unable to join your house-party at 'Jinglenook' for over the Fourth. Both babies have come down with whooping-cough and we have to be quarantined with them every minute from now until early winter. We are broken-hearted over it (missing your party, not the whooping-cough) and hope that you will understand."

"July 1st, 1921.

"Dear Uncle Stephen: Lucy and I will certainly be overjoyed to have you drop in on us for the Fourth. The children are both well and are tickled to pieces at the prospect of seeing 'Nunkie Steep,' as they call you. By all means bring the Mercer. We can find some place for it, even if we have to give it our bed-room. And we can hardly wait to thank you in person for the tremendous checks you sent the boys for their birthdays. Come early and stay as long as you possibly can. Remember, we want *our* home to be *your* home, dear Uncle Stephen."

Hereafter I will mark all letters which are suitable for compilation with a red star in the upper right-hand corner. Please let all the others go unnoticed.

R. C. B.



The Most Favorable Symptom

"Has he recovered from his illness?"

"Practically. He doesn't tell you about his operation now unless you ask him."



Primitive Woman (watching the chase): Humph! He can't run a little bit. I bet she'll pretend to trip in a minute.

The Shades of Arcady



NOBODY has given less thought to the subject than I have," said Mr. Pilgrim, shortly, returning to the perusal of the evening paper.

"But you might give an opinion, all the same," said Mrs. Pilgrim, without apparent sarcasm.

"Now what do you mean by that, Letty?" inquired her husband, the paper rustling with indignation. "Am I in the habit of giving opinions on subjects of which I know nothing?"

"Certainly not, dear. Quite the contrary. You are much more likely to withhold them where you know most," replied his wife, artlessly. "But you might begin to think about it now, and tell me why it's not a perfectly good working-plan as between friends."

Mr. Pilgrim at this put down the paper with a sigh (almost inaudible) and wriggled—seemingly into a more comfortable position.

"I don't quite remember your proposition."

"Well, I said—and I firmly believe—that half the hurt feelings between married couples could be avoided if they would only be more open about their—*their little affairs, you know.*"

"What do you mean by little affairs?" demanded Mr. Pilgrim.

"Why, the fancies they have for other people, of course."

"Oh, you take those for granted, then?" said Mr. Pilgrim.

"Naturally. A man and woman don't stay violently in love after ten years of domesticity, do they? But, if they're the right sort, a kind of tender affection grows up between them, and I do think they owe it to that to be frank."

"About their interest in other people?" cried the gentleman, aghast.

"Certainly!"

"I don't see it at all."

"Oh, yes, you must. Suppose, for instance, that you fell in love, temporarily, with a raven-haired goddess (I being small and mousey), of course I'd come to know about it—"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Pilgrim, clearing his throat. "How would you come to know about it?"

"In a thousand ways: instinct, experience, thought-transference; things you said a shade too naturally; times you were not where I thought you would be and were where I thought you couldn't be. I can't explain. But I'd know. And what would make me angry would be not so much the thing you were concealing, but that you thought you were concealing it from me."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pilgrim.

"Yes. That's what I'd mind," said Mrs. Pilgrim, "and that's what I believe most women mind. If you came to me as a friend, and said, 'Darling, you know my temperament. I'm going quite mad about that black-eyed Mrs. So and So, and I suppose you won't see a great deal of me for several months! Shall you care much?' Then I'd say—"

"But I never heard of anything so ridiculous," interrupted Mr. Pilgrim, justly incensed. "As if a man could say such a thing to his wife!"

"Why shouldn't he, if it were true? Very sensible of him, I'd call it; and if you said it to me, I'd answer, 'Go ahead.

(Continued on page 31)



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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WHAT is the meaning and the lesson of such a calamity as happened the other day in Washington, by which more than a hundred people lost their lives, and many more were hurt? In older times the disposition might have been to charge it up to the will of God, and wonder by what providence some people were taken and others left. Well, of course, it was the will of God in a sense, for everything that happens can be so described, but the reason that that roof fell in was that it was not properly built, and the resulting deaths and injuries illustrate the methods by which instruction comes to the human race. If we do not watch out and use our wits, and eat and drink and dress and build, and govern and do everything else as we should, we get into trouble, and that trouble is our instruction. Our wits are given us to live safely and profitably and progressively, and when we find that we are not doing so, we must discover the cause and provide a remedy.

These building accidents happen every now and then, and stir up a demand for better enforcement of building laws and more attention to construction. So an epidemic of sickness drives the authorities and doctors to find out what is the matter and to clean up, and stop the causes of the epidemic. So a war, like the one the world is struggling out of, is an immense affliction, the use of which is to stir people up to organize life so that wars need not happen, or at least not so often nor on so great a scale. We get nowhere, apparently, except by being driven with stripes and blows and sorrows. That agrees with the apparent purpose of life. We come into this

world apparently for education. Our job is individually to learn, improve, progress, and civilization has the same task. It must improve, develop, progress. When it stops it is scrapped and something new is started. When we are in pain we are in it to learn. If we do not learn, the pain is wasted. It is the same with the world. When the world suffers, it ought to learn; it ought not to waste the pain. People are lazy. They are fond of ease, and like to sit down in a soft place and enjoy life. But life is not an easy job. It is a good deal of a fight right through, with compensations, and intermissions for repose. When it ceases to be a struggle, and progress stops, it ceases to function as an instructive condition. That must be why most live people, unless they are tired or sick, hate the thought of more than a fleeting interval of palm trees and eternal summer, and the sound of wavelets lapping the beach, and nothing to do. They know that for them that would not be life at all, but a mere process of degeneration; progress, possibly, for a crab, a turtle or a South Sea Islander, but for a going European, the back track.



EVERYTHING is on trial in this world at this time and particularly democracy. Democracy has got to make good or take the count. It cannot depend upon armed force to save it. Armed force may save autocracy for a while, but when democracy rests on armed force it ceases to be democracy. It must make the world better or get out, and whoever says, "And then what?" asks a hard question, for autocracy is in disrepute, and bolshev-

ism is a fizzle, and no other kind of pitch is visibly heating. Anarchy is not engaging, nor good for business, so we had better keep on trying hard to make democracy serviceable, even though we have to become humbled-minded and piece it out with religion.

The people who want the United States to go to Genoa are trying to get cure and instruction out of the sufferings of the war instead of wasting them. They believe Europe must be reorganized and the rest of the world also, and they want these States to help in that process. They know that if the United States shirks its duties and tries to find a soft spot to sit down in, some kind of a roof will fall in on it and we shall suffer damage and be sorry that we did not search out our duties and attend to them in time.

Everything is on trial,—the Harding Administration among the rest. Give it a fair show. Give it all possible support in any good thing it tries to do. It is trying to do good, but if it cannot do good enough, of course, it will go to the scrap heap. The country is on trial about the Bonus bill. That bill is mostly bad. Congress is loath to stand up to it, but we know that a considerable weight of roof will fall on us if the Bonus bill goes through. Perhaps the best cure for the Bonus bill would be to vote a liberal bonus to all the Americans who survived the war, except those whose wages were raised more than sixty per cent., and then leave it to Congress to provide the money.



MEANWHILE the Washington Conference seems, at this writing, to be drawing to a close, and

presently we shall have a clearer view of what it has accomplished. One great thing that it has done has been to bring the representatives of important nations together and keep them for months at work to help the world and apply the lessons of the war. They have worked hard. We should all be grateful to them, especially to Mr. Harding for calling the Conference and helping it all he could, and to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour for protracted labors to get helpful results. The members of the Conference have much to show for their work. They have not only effected a great economy in naval construction and maintenance, but have stopped the race for naval supremacy by securing acceptances of a ratio of naval power between the three leading competitors. Also they seem to have worked out the more urgent problems of the Pacific so that matters there can go on in safety. The Conference has succeeded unquestionably. It has taken a long step in the right direction, and gives encouragement for succeeding meetings of a like character and purpose.

By such means must the pacification and reorganization of the world go on. Out of great and painful changes in

the conditions of life come changes in the minds of the people, new needs and new demands. Then in due time the council room and the labors by which, with luck, the demands of fact and the desires of the people take practicable form. But until the fruit is ripe not the wisest councilors can pick it.



SOME people are much too fussy. For example, those London Methodists who own Central Hall in Westminster, much used for political meetings. In that hall was held the meeting of Liberals at which Lloyd George made his last considerable address. The chairman of the meeting was Lord Leverhulme and in introducing Lloyd George he said that the government was determined that every British obligation should be honored. "Across all our paper money that has been issued," he said, "are the words, 'I know that my redeemer liveth.'" Word comes that the Methodists, who own the hall, thought his Lordship had been

too free with Scripture. Indeed, they said his words were "blasphemy" and felt that their hall was too holy a place for such language. They have closed it, it seems, to political meetings.

Lord Leverhulme is a soap boiler, with great works in which he has made interesting experiments in the reconciliation of labor to production. He is rated as a good man, and probably would not consciously say in public anything he ought not to say. It was Job who said, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Luck was running against him when he put out that courageous and hopeful sentiment. There certainly was nothing blasphemous in Lord Leverhulme's use of it and it expressed absolutely what he had in mind to say. The Methodists need not have been so squeamish.



IT wouldn't matter so much that there is so much that some people don't know, if only they had even the least suspicion that they didn't know it.

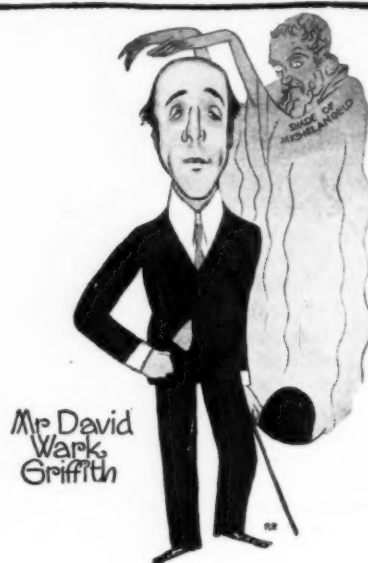
E. S. M.



The Country's Doctor



HERE behold, and likewise lo,
Princess Mary and her beau.
Bright her cheek with maiden blush;—
Shall we say a royal flush?
How we've watched their love's ascents
In the Sunday supplements!
Blessings for the happy pair;
For their photographs—the air!



LOOK, and you will surely find
Right above, the Master Mind.
(Just a nickname of his own
Which he worked up all alone.)
He it was who made, they say,
Movies what they are to-day;
This the goal for which he's tried—
Lord, I hope he's satisfied!



OFTEN in the local press
On your kindness you lay stress.
Love's the basis of your art,
So you say—that is, in part.
Frequently you tell us of
How devotedly you love
Actors, public, critics, too. . .
Echo answers, "Yes, you do."



"AH," we said; and eke "At last.
Things won't be as in the past;
Once vice-presidents were nil,
But our Fighting Calvin will
All such precedents destroy."
"Ah," we said; and "Atta boy!" . . .
Now we wonder dolefully
What's become of Calvin C.?

Drawings by Ralph Barton



Dr Frank Crane

DAILY you distribute praise
'Mong clean books and wholesome plays.
Honest toil and hard-earned gold,
Kindness to the weak and old;
Where would all the virtues be
Without such publicity?
Wealth untold you're paid, per line,
Won't you be my Valentine?



Mr Avery Hopwood

HOW you must have loved, when small,
Chalking words upon a wall!
"Ladies' Night" we owe to you,
"Getting Gertie's Garter," too.
Gaily gath'ring royalties
On your bedroom phantasies,
Ever heavier grows your purse
As you go from bed to worse.



Mr Florenz Ziegfeld

STILL we're groggy from the blow
Dealt us—by the famous Flo;
After 1924,
He announces, nevermore
Will his shows our senses greet—
At a cost of five per seat.
Hasten, Time, your onward drive—
Welcome, 1925!



Mr John Wanamaker

ON the advertising page
Scintillates our dry goods sage.
Not a text that Honest John
Cannot write a sermon on.
Readers live from day to day
Just to see what he will say.
"Have you seen his last?" they cry.
"Would to God I had," say I.



"On the Whole Encouraging"

MARIE LOHR, the English actress-manager, by way of dealing Broadway an initial knock-out, has brought "The Voice from the Minaret" all the way across the ocean, presumably in a galley manned by Nubian slaves.

This venerable-sounding selection from "Fifty Exercises in Prose Rhetoric" is by Robert Hichens, and you can well believe it. The lines are more fittingly spoken by taking an easy stance, with the feet slightly apart and the weight of the body resting on the ball of the right foot, elevating the eyebrows and the chest, and lunging suddenly with the right hand. Edmund Gwenn (who resembles a bad dream of Roland Young suddenly turned bestial) is the only member of the cast who seems able to bring the lines up to date. From the rest you get the impression that upstairs in the house there are tin bath-tubs encased in dark red wood, with gas flickering over marble wash-basins.

Miss Löhr, herself, is evidently a good actress and later in her repertory may give herself a better chance with another play not so redolent of camphor.



"THE CZARINA," on the other hand, is a play about Catherine of Russia who lived long before Mr. Hichens' heroine, but manages to sound delightfully fresh. It is one of those brave costume dramas in which all the young men have to stride across the stage even when they are after a drink of water, and there is much general clicking of boot-heels and slapping of sword-hilts.

The plot revolves giddily around the activities of the susceptible empress as head of the hostess-house of the local Young Men's Tristan Association. She was generosity itself toward a young man to whom she had taken a liking, and her range of sympathy was wide. In fact, once you got to know her (and six feet of nattily uniformed frame-work would serve as an introduction at any time), she was just like other folks. Edward Sheldon has made an extremely interesting adaptation of what must have been an extremely interesting and clever play to begin with, by Melchior Lengyel and Lajos Biro, and Doris Keane brings a delicious comedy sense and pictorial quality to the part of the Czarina. She brings more than that, but we are unversed in the language of intelligent enthusiasm and must let it go at saying that she is grand.



IT has been a long time since we have heard melodies like those which Hugo Felix has woven into the old book of "Pomander Walk" to make it into a musical comedy called

"Marjolaine." Each one, together with what Peggy Wood or Mary Hay adds to it, is good enough for a song-hit at any ordinary show, in addition to which someone has shown an uncanny amount of intelligence in staging the numbers (the program says Mr. Bert French, and there is no reason to doubt it), so that as the final note is sung there is nothing for an audience to do but applaud wildly, even though nothing in particular has happened. Brian Hooker's lyrics help the general effect of intelligence by rhyming and making sense. The comedy is of that wholesome variety in which a large gentleman complains, "Oh, my pants, oh, my pants!" explaining later that he is suffering from shortness of breath and not garment trouble. A good healthy child of twelve would love it. But Lennox Pawle delivers it with an English finesse which makes it sound better than it is, and with Peggy Wood to sing and Mary Hay to dance, "Marjolaine" shapes up like one of the nicest things that the musical comedy season has produced.



THE idea behind "The Deluge" is good enough to make it an important event, even if it were not well done. Eight people are marooned in a saloon during a flood. As the chance of their all drowning together becomes more and more probable they join hands in brotherly love, swearing fealty in the event of their rescue and glorious communion in the event of their death. And then, as the flood recedes and it becomes apparent that their plight was not so grave as they had imagined, each returns to his former characteristics and they go out into the street to begin where they left off, lying, cheating, pretending. It's a good old world after all, is the moral.

Henning Berger has handled this theme partly with the keen realism of a George M. Cohan and partly with that literary style, flavored with philosophical meditation, with which everyone on the Continent evidently speaks. The love scenes and the theatrical rantings of the shyster lawyer sound strangely unreal, but the effect of the whole is one of splendid truth-telling, especially in those parts intrusted to Robert McWade. "The Deluge" will be enjoyed heartily by that large adenoidal group of theatre-goers who consider a drunken man essentially funny, regardless of what has made him drunk. In the scene in which these men, facing what they believe to be death, have consumed the stock of the saloon in a ghastly attempt to evade the horror of their fate, many ladies and gentlemen in the audience perked up considerably and thought that it was a Leon Errol act. A grim song sung by the waiting victims to the accompaniment of a guitar was likewise hailed as a special musical number and an encore demanded.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Anna Christie. *Vanderbilt.*—A memorable presentation of O'Neill's drama of the waterfront.

The Bat. *Morosco.*—A grand case of nerves.

A Bill of Divorcement. *Times Square.*—Problem play of more than ordinary value acted with more than ordinary feeling.

Bulldog Drummond. *Knickerbocker.*—Crime melodrama of the old school, worth ten years of your life.

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—To be reviewed next week.

Danger. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Sex-cylinder love.

Drifting. *Playhouse.*—Papier maché draymer which does not deserve Helen Menken for its star.

He Who Gets Slapped. *Fulton.*—Andreyev's tragedy of the circus retaining all its beauty in the Theatre Guild's presentation.

The Law Breaker. *Booth.*—To be reviewed next week.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic.*—A good cast in Samuel Shipman's naïve but interesting contribution to criminal law.

The Nest. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The National Anthem. *Henry Miller's.*—Laurette Taylor in a four-act sermon against the sins of our day. There will be a service for the little ones in the vestry directly after the benediction.

The Pigeon. *Greenwich Village.*—To be reviewed next week.

S. S. Tenacity. *Belmont.*—A delicately managed seduction in a poignant little play from the French.

The White Peacock. *Comedy.*—Olga Petrova in Spanish trouble. Very clandestine.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—A delightful combination of excitement, burlesque and Wallace Eldinger.

Théâtre de la Chauve Souris. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Demi-Virgin. *Eltinge.*—100% impure.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—Very nice English comedy, done with skill.

Dulcy. *Frasce.*—American comedy containing some very clever satire on America.

The First Year. *Little.*—Your own home-life made suddenly very funny.

The Grand Duke. *Lyceum.*—Lionel Atwill offers cynical advice on women, translated at sight from the French.

Just Married. *Nova Bayes.*—Bed-room farce which has prospered because it is really amusing in spots.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—One of the outstanding performances of the season given by Lenore Ulric as the little cocotte.

Lilies of the Field. *Klaw.*—Someone seems to be paying this play's bills. Perhaps it is being kept, like its lady characters.

The Mountain Man. *Maxine Elliott's.*—Sidney Blackmer in a little play which is not so important as his performance.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Delightful troubles of Ernest Truex and June Walker in an automobile in the suburbs.

Thank You. *Longacre.*—Interesting though wholesome.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Franz Schubert's melodies made into a charming score.

The Blue Kitten. *Selwyn.*—Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine in one of those musical comedies.

The Blushing Bride. *Astor.*—To be reviewed next week.

Bombo. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson.

Elsie Janis and Her Gang. *Gaiety.*—They don't pretend to be very polished but they give a good evening's entertainment.

Frank Fay's Fables. *Park.*—To be reviewed next week.

Get Together. *Hippodrome.*—Better and less expensive than ever.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—A good show if you can get in.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—If you've got a lot of money, this is as good a way to spend it as any.

The Perfect Fool. *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn in a terrible state of mind over nothing at all, causing screams of laughter.

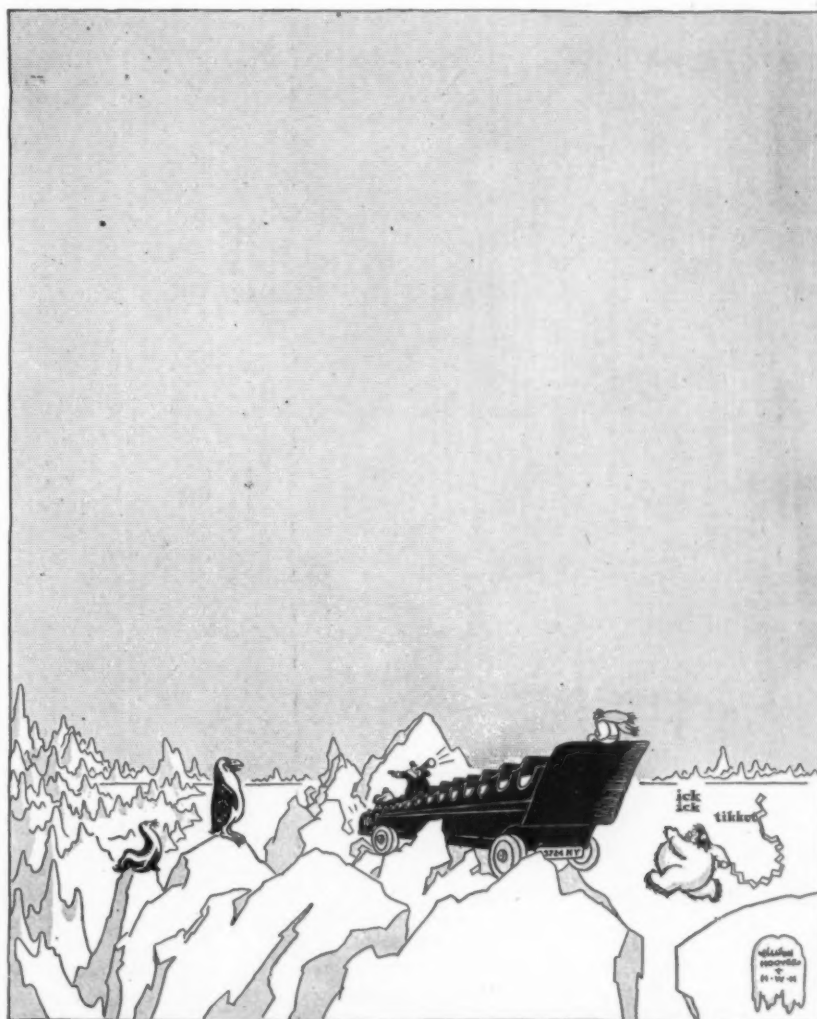
Pins and Needles. *Shubert.*—To be reviewed next week.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—When last seen by this department, a year ago, it looked like a hit.

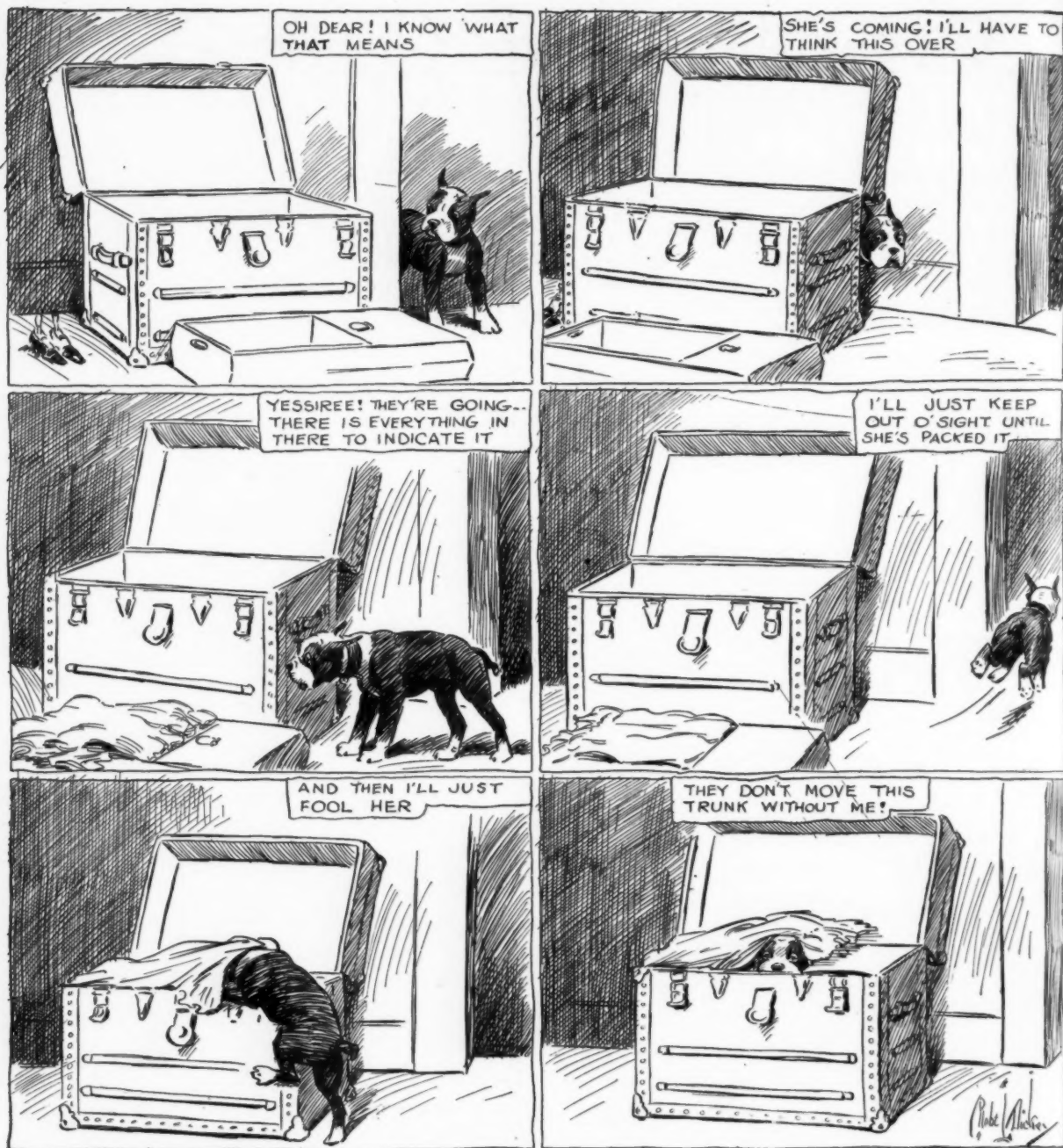
Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Perpetual and delightful motion on the part of colored singers and dancers.

Tangerine. *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson and Richard C. C. in something better than the average.

Up in the Clouds. *Forty-Fourth St.*—An unpretentious but rather pleasant performance.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 25. Messrs. Raymond and Whitcomb try out a popular two-weeks' tour through Labrador.



The Dog She Couldn't Leave Behind Her

By All Means, Flexible

WYNNE FERGUSON writes that auction bridge should be a flexible game. That opinion, coming from an expert, will hearten thousands of drooping husbands. It is the inflexibility of auction that makes men dodge a session whenever they can.

For example, it has been the custom to cut for partners. This leaves the matter of having to play with one's wife all to chance. In flexible bridge a fellow could drop nonchalantly into the chair opposite the other woman and thus avoid being trodden upon during the game and upbraided

afterward for his mistakes. Then, too, if the game were flexible, the wearisome conventions governing leads could be suspended in favor of flexible play of the imagination. One might lead from one's own hand or dummy's as fancy might suggest. One might also be permitted to inquire politely about the holding of a missing ace.

In flexible bridge, suppose the host were permitted to kick the table over, upset the ash trays and invite the guests to go home when he grew sleepy. Would the game be more popular? We will asseverate as much.

McC. H.

A Proposal to Any Member of the Cabinet

Who Is Looking for a Fat Job

DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

We desire to make an offer to you which we think will be of benefit to the general public as well as to yourself.

As you know, the baseball industry fell into grave disrepute from vile practices, and this condition was remedied by the payment of a large salary to Judge Landis as referee. Later the motion picture industry was supposed to have suffered in the same way, the public generally resenting playful booze parties. This unpleasant situation has been entirely changed by the placing of the whole matter in the hands of Postmaster-General Hays at a nice salary. Then, too, Secretary Hoover is going to save Philadelphia by managing its Sesquicentennial.

But there is another and a greater work in store for some such man as you, of massive brain and sympathetic understanding. The business of supplying vinous, spiritous and malt liquors to the American public is in danger of suffering from the same criticism that was levelled at the baseball sport and the motion picture industry. This, as you know, is a very important business in the United States. We understand that it now constitutes the bulk of our foreign commerce and a very large portion of our domestic commerce, and is about the only line showing undiminished demand and good profits. Now, what shall be done to elevate the moral tone of the bootlegging industry? That rests with you. We think you are the man to do it. We should be willing to pay you a salary of \$250,000 and 2¾% commission on gross income. We should like to have you

lose no time in considering this proposition and suggest that you endeavor to arrange your affairs so that you can begin the reorganization of the bootlegging industry coincidentally with the work of Secretary Hays in reorganizing the motion picture industry, to wit: on March 4, 1922.

Yours very sincerely,

HOOTCHY KOOTCHY & Co.

Fable

AN editor sat in front of his desk, which was piled high with forgotten manuscripts and drawings.

Came a writer to the editor. The writer had an Idea. "No . . ." said the editor, "it won't do." The writer buttoned his overcoat and departed.

After the writer came an artist. He had an Idea. "No . . ." said the editor, "it won't do." The artist put on his hat and departed.

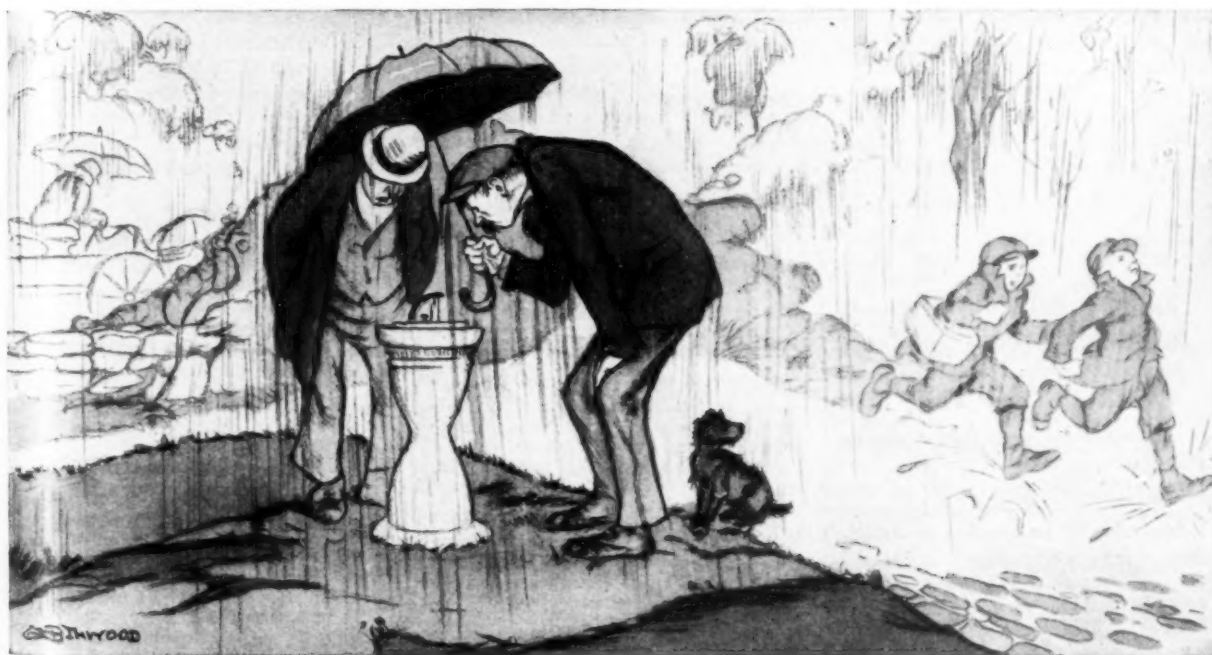
To the editor came many men—writers, artists, cartoonists, essayists, poets and poetasters. Each one had an Idea. And to each one the editor said, "No . . . it won't do."

Finally, toward the end of the day, an Idea came of itself to the editor. "No . . ." said the editor from habit, or custom, or tradition, or what you will, "it won't do."

And he slammed down the top of his desk and went home.

MORAL: Auks were not meant to be eagles.

H. W. H.



Just Their Luck

To walk half a mile in the rain to get the correct time and find the darned thing has stopped.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Star Dust

WHEN Fannie Hurst issued a statement condemning the motion picture version of her novel, "Star Dust," as a stupid, tawdry distortion of the original story, I published a note on this page congratulating her for taking so firm a stand, and urging her to keep up the good fight.

The producers of "Star Dust," on reading this note, called my attention to the fact that Miss Hurst had been paid some \$37,000 for the film rights to the novel, and that the contract between them had stipulated that they could make such changes in the story as they found necessary. They told me that Miss Hurst might have come to the studio in New York at any time during the course of production and lodged her protests then; but she took no interest in the progress of the picture, and only voiced her criticisms when it was too late to act upon them.

I SET forth these facts in order that both sides of the case may be presented. Let no one say that this department is not the soul of fairness! Moreover, I do not venture to guess whether the weight of justice in this particular case is on Miss Hurst's side, or on the side of the movie producers.

But there is a larger problem involved, and one that is of deep and vital importance to everyone who is writing for the screen, directly or indirectly. Is the author in any sense responsible for the screen version of his novel or play?

If he isn't, he should be. If his work is to be altered to conform to the different requirements of the screen—as altered it must be—he should see that this altering is done in a sensible and intelligent way. Joseph Hergesheimer did this with "Tol'able David," and as a result, the picture is a true reproduction of his splendid story.

The author who loses interest in his work after he has received a fat, pink check from the despised movie magnate for it, has no one to blame but himself if his brain child is kicked all around the lot by the continuity writers.

WHEN I saw the picture, "Star Dust," I had not read Miss Hurst's novel, and so I could judge the film solely on its own merits. Unfortunately, I found practically no merits to judge it on. Regarded from every point of view, it is a bad movie, unredeemed by any flashes of dramatic interest. There is only one genuine character in the whole piece, that being

the heroine's father, as played by Thomas Maguire.

Hope Hampton assumes the rôle of Lily Becker, the small-town girl who breaks into grand opera, and there is not a spark of real fire in her entire performance. In my opinion, Miss Hampton has not one legitimate claim to stardom. She is absolutely lacking in the inspiration which every great actress must possess.

But her name is in the electric lights, with letters two feet high. So she should worry.

Pilgrimage

ON February 16th, the S.S. *Ruth Alexander* will set sail for Los Angeles, bearing on board a group of hardy adventurers who are making a pilgrimage to Hollywood, for the purpose of founding a new religious cult there. In this group will be numbered Mr. Robert Benchley, Dramatic Editor of *LIFE*; Mr. Marc Connelly and Mr. Ralph Barton, both well-known contributors to this magazine, and your correspondent.

In forthcoming issues I shall describe my adventures in the celluloid belt and, unless Hollywood is a vastly over-rated place, I hope to have something of interest to report.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Red-Hot Romance. *First National.*—Snappy burlesque, with plenty of cayenne pepper, served up by John Emerson and Anita Loos.

The Man From Lost River. *Goldwyn.*—Another big, vital drama of the big, vital woods, aided by some fine photography.

Turn to the Right. *Metro.*—The famous comedy of a crook's regeneration, made into an amusing photoplay.

The Wall Flower. *Goldwyn.*—Rupert Hughes adds another poignant tragedy of the great American home to his five-reel shelf. It is better, in many ways, than his others, but is weakened by ineffective acting.

The Last Payment. *Paramount.*—Pola Negri in a German picture which

was probably made before the war, and which consequently is not punishable along with the other German atrocities.

Hail the Woman. *First National.*—An artificial story, made credible by dint of a good production. Theodore Roberts, Madge Bellamy and the expressive Florence Vidor are the principals in an exceptional cast.

A Sailor-Made Man. *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd as an American sailor who gets into a Rajah's palace and saves the girl from an unspeakable fate. It is great stuff!

The Bride's Play. *Paramount.*—The Marion Davies fans who were worried because she did so much acting in "Enchantment" should see this latest opus. She is right back to normal.

Love's Redemption. *First National.*—Norma Talmadge is unconvincing as a little wild girl who reforms and marries a dissolute English aristocrat.

Burn-'Em-Up Barnes. *Affiliated Distributors.*—A hilarious comedy of life on the old macadam, with Johnny Hines doing most of the hilarity.

Rent Free. *Paramount.*—Wallace Reid in a very tight-fitting story.

The Ruling Passion. *United Artists.*—A pleasantly whimsical comedy about a tired business man who runs a garage for a rest cure—played by George Arliss with his usual skill.

For Review Next Week.—"One Glorious Day," "Nancy From Nowhere" and "School Days."

Knocking Out Tuberculosis

THE Society for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis in the City of New York purposes an assault on the public purse on February 20th.

The assault will be all along the line, but its headquarters will be the Hotel Biltmore, which is to be run on that day by the women of the Society. Happily, they will not do the cooking, nor the work of the chambermaids and bell boys, but they will supplant the waiters in the dining-rooms, sell the cigars and the flowers, impart information at the information desk, and register or check out the guests, besides giving entertainments at all hours, and taking tips whenever offered. Evidently the Hotel Biltmore is in for a bully time.

And the cause is one of the best. Effort, knowledge, devotion and skill have pretty well got the old plague, consumption, under. It used to kill. Nowadays, it is caught and cured in many cases, prevented in many more, hindered or helped in others. It is not the spectre it used to be. Medical knowledge and private benevolence have gone far to lay it.

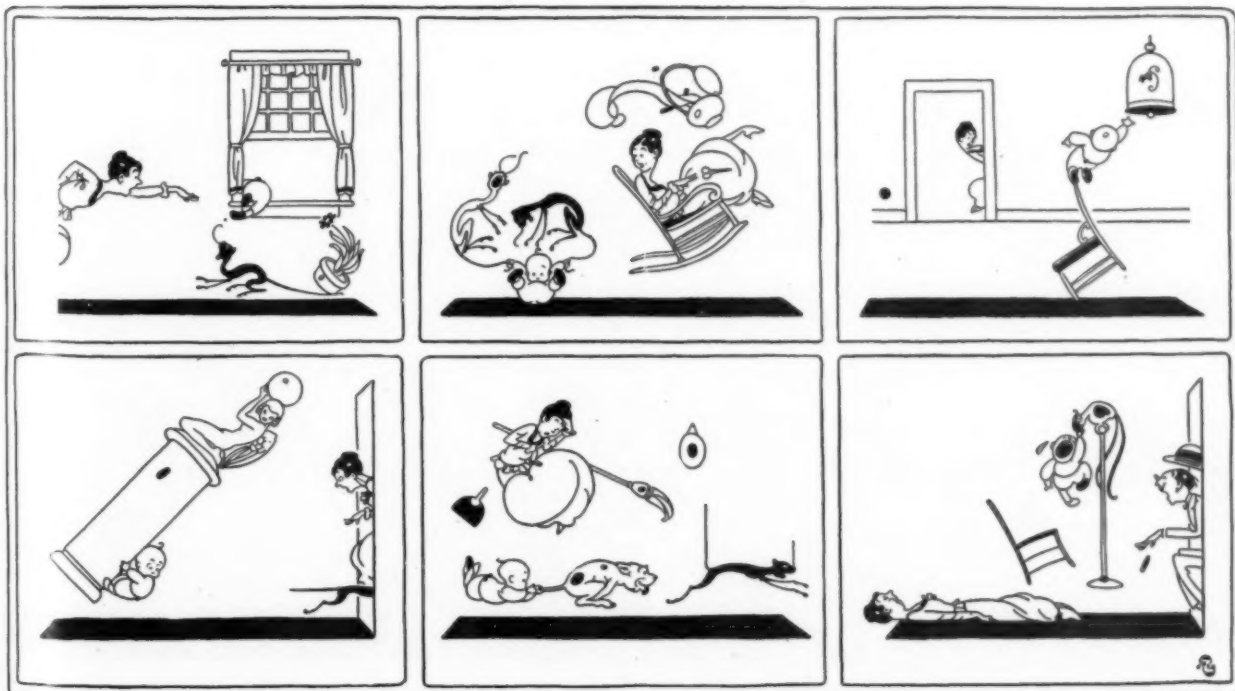
It's a small town indeed that hasn't had a novel written about it.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Can Y' 'Magine It?

A dowdy old woman was Tilly,
Who never wore "point" or "chantilly,"
But spent all her "mon"
On others for fun
And forgot about Tilly—how silly!



Why Mothers Never Complain of the Monotony of Existence

**SEE AMERICA FIRST**

The Swiss Mountain Climbers hold their annual reunion in New York City



"I allus was a son-of-a-gun fer sport."

The Agricultural Bloc

Berton Braley

"TUT! TUT!" remarked the President, and likewise,
"Goodness me!"

For he was irritated by the faithless G. O. P.

He looked for the majority

To bow to his authority

And when they failed to do so he received a fearful shock;

He asked for lower taxes

But he heard the sound of axes

And his plans were all beheaded on the Agricultural Bloc!

We're used to combinations of financial gentlemen

Who organize to "stabilize" the country, now and then,

But who, in all veracity,

Would look for such audacity

As shown in house and senate by this stubborn western
flock;

Who made a combination

To mold our legislation

And who blocked a robber tariff with an Agricultural Bloc!

The farmers fell for flattery and promises and praise
Which seemed to keep them quiet in the ante-bellum days,

But now, that's not enough for them,

They say the times are tough for them,

They're burning corn for fuel and they cannot sell their
stock;

They don't get satisfaction

From the Grand Old Party's action,

So they've got the party beaten by an Agricultural Bloc!

"Tut! Tut!" remarks the President, as shocked as he can be,
But this here situation has a hint for you and me,

And we should view with gratitude

The canny farmers' attitude

Which shows the way to justice when the politicians
mock;

And the Ultimate Consumer,

If he has a sense of humor,

May emulate the methods of the Agricultural Bloc!



Such Dreadful Language!

H. L. MENCKEN, the bad boy of American letters, reveals himself in a new pose in "The American Language" (Knopf), of which a revised and considerably enlarged edition has just been issued. He casts aside the mantle of the cordially destructive critic, and appears as a keen and sympathetic student of the boobery; more than that, as their champion.

This is the first important work on the American language to appear, because Mencken is the first writer of intelligence to admit that there is such a thing in any more than a patronizing way, and to support his admissions with an array of incontrovertible facts. He does not share the national inferiority complex, even though he has devoted a lifetime to the task of keeping that complex in its place.

Anyone who doubts the existence of an American language will only need to read Mencken's book to have his doubts removed by a dry-cleaning process. It is a well-ordered and fairly complete treatise on the language from its earliest beginnings in the Jeffersonian era to the present day, when

a leading American humorist writes in a jargon that the average educated Englishman can barely understand.

I am inclined, however, to dispute Mencken's statement that the two languages, English and American, are drifting apart at an appreciable rate of speed. I believe that the common language of the future will be far more American than English, for the British are adopting American colloquialisms and slang with unconscious regularity, due to the influence of American popular songs (which are sung in every music hall and played on every gramophone), American plays and, more particularly, the sub-titles in American movies. Very few of these sub-titles are written in English, and yet British audiences seem to derive as much sense from them as American audiences do.

Mencken quotes numerous examples of Americanisms, and traces them back to their sources as well as he can. Sometimes he goes wrong, as when he states that *hard-boiled* originated with the Americans in France. The expression was in use, in the army and elsewhere, long before the war. He gives some synonyms for *drunk* which are of historical interest; for example, *piffled*, *pifflicated*, *awry-eyed*, *tanked*, *snooted*, *stewed*, *ossified*, *slopped*, *fid-*

dled, *edged*, *loaded*, *het-up*, *frazzled*, *jugged*, *soused*, *jiggered*, *corned*, *jagged* and *bunned*. At the end of the book he quotes some passages from Ring Lardner and John V. A. Weaver—both experienced interpreters of the American tongue—and lists a few examples of homely American proverbs: "The Lord is my shepherd; I should worry," "Don't spit; remember the Johnstown flood," and "Shoot it in the leg; your arm's full."

The principal weakness in "The American Language" is the lack of attention that Mr. Mencken gives to the influence of the Negro on our speech. He considers the German, French, Spanish, Yiddish, Italian, Dano-Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, Icelandic, Greek and Slavic influences, but he has nothing to say about the derivation of such expressions as, "How come?" "Honey" (as a term of endearment) and "Oh, boy!" Although he gives many examples of poker and baseball slang, he makes no mention of those 100% Americanisms, "Come, seven!" "Shoot the works!" and "The baby needs a new pair of shoes!"

R. E. S.

Fiction

Joanna Godden, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Is the reputation that Miss Kaye-Smith has established for herself among some of the leading critics in England justified by the present volume? While this may be open to a reasonable doubt, at the same time, we know of no other woman writer who, all things considered, approaches her in simplicity of treatment, in absolute fidelity to her theme. She has thoroughly absorbed the atmosphere with which she deals. A vivid sense of color and form, a vocabulary perfectly under control, and those unerring touches which make one's characters spring into life—all these things are marks of true genius.

The House on Charles Street, by an anonymous author (Duffield & Co.). Let no one be deterred from reading this book just because it is another war novel. Indeed, it is an enormous relief to find a book written by an American about English war life not only with good humor and good sense, but with an absence of that

sort of self-consciousness that American writers reveal when they write of the English. The author of this book has done a fine piece of work.

Nobody's Man, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown & Co.). Another mystery story. The real mystery is how Mr. Oppenheim can continue to turn them out and keep up such a fair average. Our personal dislike for all mystery stories is deep-seated and irrevocable, but we must be fair. Mr. Oppenheim undoubtedly knows how. This is a good story. The innumerable brandies and sodas absorbed by the characters are alone worth the price of admission.

Midnight, by Octavus Roy Cohen (Dodd, Mead & Co.). And still another mystery story. And, as such, there is no complaint to make of this one. Mr. Cohen is a very good writer—of that sort; he is what one might call a jocular writer. He touches the ground only in the high spots.

T. L. M.



Bobbie Decides to Manufacture His Own Comic Valentines



Winter days invite your KODAK

Autographic Kodaks at your Dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, N.Y.

The Kodak City



He Went Out Bristling

There is a theatrical manager who is noted for keeping people waiting in his outer office. The other day a booking agent arrived at noon with his appointment card. He lounged about until five, getting angrier all the while. At six he suddenly flung the card down on the secretary's desk. "Tell your boss," he shouted as he flounced out, "that I've grown my last beard in his office."

—O. O. McIntyre in *Atlanta Constitution*.

Bon Voyage

PASSENGER (from car window): Hey, you darn fool, here goes the train and you haven't put my baggage aboard.

PORTER: You're the darn fool; you're on the wrong train.—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

A Hungry Blaze

Illinois paper—Mr. Geiger was in an adjoining part of the house when the fire was discovered eating his breakfast.

The "devouring element" at its work.
—*Boston Transcript*.

HARRY: Where were you last night?

HARRIETT: It's a lie! What were you doing there?—*Texas Scalper*.



THE CO-OPTIMISTS

—G. E. Studly, in *The Sketch (London)*.

Rule Britannia!

A retired naval officer said that he could not understand "all this disarmament nonsense." No, sir! What would Britain be without her Navy? Had we forgotten Trafalgar? Was it not our glory and our tradition to maintain the freedom of the seas?

It was pointed out to him that this was an attempt—wise or not—to remove the menace from the seas.

"Hang it all, sir!" roared the old sea warrior, bristling. "What's the confounded sea for?"—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Beginning Early

LITTLE GIRL: Mother, when I get to heaven, will I play with the little angels?

MOTHER: Yes, darling, you will.

LITTLE GIRL: And don't you fink, mother, if I'm very, very dood, they will let me play with a lickie devil sometimes?

—*Wayside Tales*.

The Spartan Miss

NURSE (returning from juvenile party): Good gracious, Betty, how sticky your gloves are!

BETTY: So would yours be, if you had two meringues and a chocolate éclair in your muff.—*Passing Show (London)*.

"Will you have Scotch, rye, or gin?"

"Whatever you are pleased to call it, old chap."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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68

Life, You Old Wizard

LIFE, you old wizard, what have you for me?
Open your bag. Let me see! Let me see!
Oh, I could shake you! Life, you're so slow.
Come, speed it up a bit. Just let me know
What you are hiding there. All of it's mine.
How dare you withhold it! How dare you decline,
Shaking your head in its tall purple hat,
Handing me samples of this and of that,
Calmly, deliberately. Time's going fast.
Do you think, simpleton, youth's going to last?
Now I'm all eagerness. Soon I'll grow fatter,
Stupid, gray, old, and then nothing will matter.
One drop of bitterness, one drop of wine,
One little sugar plum, one taste of brine—
Must I stand waiting here all the years through?
Life, can't you see that that's no way to do?
Spill it all, empty it out on the floor;
Give me the happiness out of my store.
Throw me the roses, the wine and the song,
Let me grow drunk on them, waste them as long
As ever their perfume and beauty remain.
Then ho, for the tragedy! Ho, for the pain!
Life, you old wizard, what have you for me?
Open that bag. Let me see! Let me see!

Louise Saunders.



Convivial Member (with the best of intentions): I want to introduce you to a dear old friend of mine—one of the very best—one of the whitest men unhung.

Reproduced from Punch (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.



FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."

At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.



Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to meet the multiplied

public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.




"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

The Period of Emergency

When Alexander Lee announced his engagement to Violet Linkins everybody in the neighborhood congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Gus Rustling remarked: "Peared like yo' wouldn' nevah speak up, Alexander. It's goin' on six months sinct yo' began fiddlin' 'round wid Vi'let." "Dat's so," Alexander admitted frankly, "but Ah didn't lose mah job till last night."

—American Legion Weekly.

"HAS your cook been with you long?" "With us? She's been against us from the start."—Boston Transcript.



The Manor

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This charming English Inn holds a warm place in the hearts of cultivated people everywhere. Southern hospitality. Simple, perfect service, homelike informality, concentrated comfort. Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate. Open All Year. Write for Booklet "L".

In America—An English Inn

What the Editor Thinks

THE editor sits by a window which commands the roof tops of New York with their spirals of steam and smoke all the way to the East River, now white with floating ice. Beyond is nothing but gray mirk. But did you never in your life stand on the edge of the Atlantic and imagine that you could see Spain? Our Spain, the Spain we imagine in the editor's office, is the great country stretching away to the West. We are not publishing a magazine for New York or just for the Eastern cities. That would be a small undertaking in comparison with the opportunity which is ours. Our readers are people who live anywhere from the Yukon to San Diego and from San Diego back to Eastport and from Eastport to Key West.

To reach and to please readers scattered over the United States a magazine must have no false frills. It must be human, it must be sincere, and it must be built with imagination for all the glamorous possibilities in fiction. We think we know what many of these are and are keen to know more.

Kinds of Fiction

One kind of fiction appeals to the imagination because it makes you think of a boy dreaming beside the fire until you yourself become that boy dreaming beside the fire. Another kind has little to do with dreams, but everything to do with the odd thing we call life. However you take it, life is, as some one said, a proposition. Writers like Zona Gale, the author of "Lulu Bett", study life, and we read their writings with excited interest because we think we may find the answer to the difficult questions that assail us.

Our idea is that all fiction is either romantic or truthful or both, that no one wants all of one kind if he is in a healthy state of mind. We endeavor to lay out our fiction program on a basis which will result in a completely satisfying popular magazine. We don't mean by a completely satisfying magazine that you will go without your dinner and your sleep because you have spent 25c for a copy of Metropolitan. We do mean that we believe you will find the Metropolitan to contain reading enough to last you a month unless you read a very great deal;—that there are stories in it for every member of the family, stories for the boy who dreams by the fire, be he boy or man, as well as stories for that part of you which reckons curiously and earnestly with the proposition of life.

Among others in the March Metropolitan besides three serials, you will find short stories by Ian Hay, Edwin Balmer of "Indian Drum" fame, Maurice Leblanc, the creator of Arsène Lupin, Will Levington Comfort, Margaret Cushman Banning and Inez Haynes Irwin.

March Metropolitan will be on your newsstand February 15th. Single copies are 25 cents. If you prefer to receive Metropolitan at your home, send us \$3.00 and it will be mailed you for a year.

Metropolitan

H. J. Whigham, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue

New York City

Sure Relief



An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Sibilant Criticism

Journeying along the border a few weeks ago, Tom Mix, a motion picture actor, drove his automobile across the river into Juarez for a glass of beer, innocently parked it in a space where parking was prohibited, and walked off. He had made about two blocks when he was clapped on the back by a breathless Mexican policeman.

"You air under arrest for putting ze automobile where he do not belong. Come with me. Why you not stop when I call you?" panted the gendarme.

"You never called me," said Mix.

"Si, señor, I call you twenty times, I hees—like dees: Sssssssss! Zat is ze way we call ze attention of a hombre in Mexico."

"Well," said Mix, "all I've got to say is that's a rotten way to call an actor."

—New York Evening Post.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

His Amateur Standing

THE PLUTOCRAT (to would-be son-in-law): Is it my daughter you want, sir, or is it her money?

THE SUITOR: Sir, you know very well that I am an amateur athlete.

THE PLUTOCRAT: What's that got to do with it?

THE SUITOR: A great deal, sir. It debars me from taking part in any event for money!—*Passing Show (London)*.

The Sleuth at Work

The detective sat in a corner of the station house exclaiming, "He's a thief, a scoundrel, a blackleg—"

"Less noise there," said the sergeant. "What are you doing?"

"Why, I'm running down a criminal."

—Boston Transcript.

FIRST KITTEN: Do you like to climb poles?

SECOND KITTEN: No. I'm not that kind of a cat.—*Yale Record*.



Golfer: You say that there are twenty-six wrong things a man can do before he hits a ball correctly. What were the faults for my last stroke?

Caddie: Twenty-six! —*Looker-On (Calcutta)*.

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Shades of Arcady

(Continued from page 13)

dear; for, even if I didn't like it, it would be nice to be behind the scenes."

"How do you mean, 'even if you didn't like it'? It's not to be supposed you'd like it, is it?"

"Of course not. But I mightn't be able to stop it, and that being so—"

"Yes," said her husband, as she paused.

"I'd feel better at being treated in that comradely way. It would make things easier, too, when a man was ready to come back again."

"Do you think so?" inquired Mr. Pilgrim, looking anything but convinced.

"I don't. Anyhow, it wouldn't work."

"Why wouldn't it work?"

"Well, it just wouldn't."

"I can't see why not," said Mrs. Pilgrim, taking up her work.

Mr. Pilgrim threw the paper from him, and rose; slowly he revolved upon his heels and walked toward the door.

"Can't you tell me why?" persisted the lady.

Mr. Pilgrim paused with his hand on the handle.

"Because it would kill his little romance for him," he said.

And as the door shut behind him, Mrs. Pilgrim giggled. C. D.

Fifty-Fifty

"How were the flora and fauna of the Islands?"

"Flora was all right."

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The Businesslike Valentine

With 1/12 Doz. Hearts:

TAKE it or leave it, my love, as the saying is;

Take it or leave it—my love—I repeat.

Bending my head, that perceptibly graying is,

Lay I my fluttering heart at your feet.

See I a bush, do I journey around it?

Have I a statement to make, don't I make it?

... So, since it never can be as you found it,

Take it.

Replying to the Above of Even Date, Would Say:

Take it or leave it, I know, is the sportiest

Thing I could say, in regard to my heart;

Though of the girls I am far from the courtiest,

Herewith I send it, by way of a start.

Others can cause it no flutter, for these do not

Have any power to gladden or grieve it.

Therefore, for Heaven's sake, take it— and please do not

Leave it.

At a Dinner

DO you think this strange habit of drinking water is gaining on us any?

No!

But look at this dinner. Here are a hundred and fifty odd men, all voluntary comers, eating good food, though simple, and not much of it—five courses—and some of them seemingly almost happy!

Oh pshaw; they came from a sense of duty. Happy? Hardly that. Just normal.

Some of them smile sometimes.

But the test hasn't come yet. There's been no speaking.

You think there has to be rum to make the speaking endurable?

Sure. And to put joy into the singing.

Men's dinners may still go on then if the speaking is cut out?

Or cut down. Oh yes! Food itself is not objectionable if it is good, and there's not too much of it.

Then public dinners may survive Prohibition if the food is sufficiently diminished and the after-dinner speakers duly abated?

Perhaps; but under those conditions, why have them?

E. S. M.

SHOPPER: I want to get a fashionable skirt.

SALESWOMAN: Yes, madam; do you want it too tight or too short?

Jim Henry's Column

Tough and Tender

In my self appointed office of shaving advisor to the men of this country, I have condoled, first and last, with several thousand sufferers of old fashioned methods of beard taming. And every last one of them has confided to me the secret that his beard is extraordinarily tough and his hide painfully tender.

They were all of them right.

A whisker is tough—all fired tough. It is made of the same stuff as your finger nails. The marvel is that science has been able to reduce a beard to such a condition that it can be painlessly sliced off.

And your skin is even tenderer than you have believed. Three minutes of brisk rubbing with the end of your finger on any part of your body will expose raw flesh.

When you indulge in the wrong practice of rubbing in lather with your fingers, you raise thousands of microscopic blisters which the razor cuts, leaving those tiny blood spots which cause you so much discomfort and expose you to infection.

Now why is it that over two million men become eloquent in praise of Mennen Shaving Cream whenever the subject of shaving is brought up?

To cut out the science and get down to ordinary smoking compartment language, a beard no longer seems tough, and the tenderness of your skin ceases to trouble you when you use Mennen's. Never mind why. Reasons are chiefly useful to explain failure. I am talking about results.

Get a tube of Mennen's or send ten cents for my demonstrator tube. Build up a

lather with three minutes of brush work and three times as much water as you ordinarily use. Cold water is as good as hot.

Then you will understand why I am constantly accused of lamentably failing to do justice to the amazing virtue—to the convincing superiority of Mennen Shaving Cream.

and afterwards Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



A danger signal — tender and bleeding gums

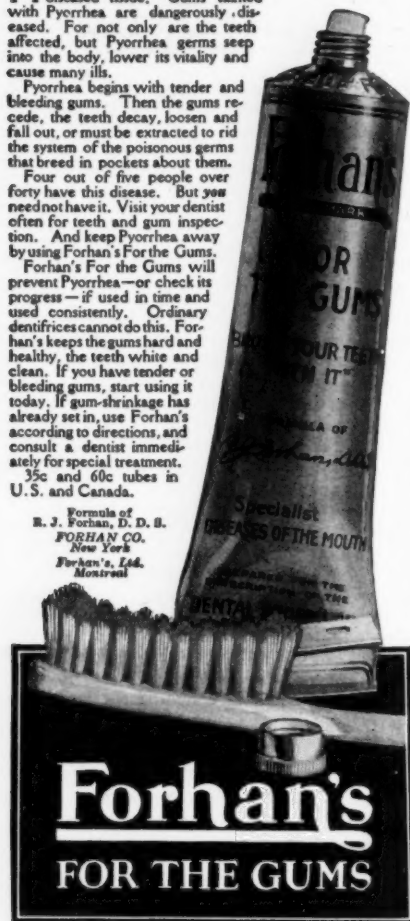
HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON
"If you are good, I'll give you this nice, new shiny quarter."
"Haven't you got a horrid, dirty old dollar bill instead?"
—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

The Making of a Modern Author

MONDAY, 10th.—Terrible news. Publishers sent back latest work. Said it was no good. There's hope though. Al has promised to praise me in his column.

Tuesday, 18th.—Al's stuff going fine. Publishers called up and suggested changes to make MS. acceptable. I've promised to write the blurb on Al's collected essays. How his stuff gets over and mine doesn't is a mystery to me. Too busy to do any work.

Wednesday, 19th.—Had lunch with Al and Smithers, of the *Star*. Told Smithers how wonderful I think his rotten bunk is. He seemed to swallow it all right. Al wrote the lunch up, quoting my jokes and a piece from my first book. He thought the blurb for his essays was great.

Tuesday, 25th.—Smithers has hailed me in his column as a "great writer" and hoped for more of my books. Al printed the blurb I wrote for him, and got his Literary Editor to give me Smithers' book for review.

Friday, 28th.—Haven't had time to touch MS. It can wait. Read a bit of Smithers' stuff, but I can't stick it. Took Smithers to lunch and got him to tell me what it's all about. He seems to think it's good.

Saturday, 5th.—Wrote what Smithers told me as the review of his book. He was delighted and offered to write my publishers some "ad" copy. They insist upon having the MS., but I simply can't find time to do any writing at all. The *Pacific Monthly* wants a series of sketches on contemporary authors. The others will write me up. Fame at last!

As to Tips

The number of persons in the United States who depend in whole or in part upon tips for their compensation has reached 7,000,000, according to a recent compilation. This is 2,000,000 more than in 1910—a gain of 40 per cent. Persons interested in abolishing the "tipping evil" should take courage from these figures. At the present rate it will be a matter of only a few decades before the number of persons receiving tips will exceed the number of those who give them. Once an overwhelming majority of tip receivers is established, the "evil" of tipping ought automatically to disappear—or at any rate we may expect to hear much less about it.

Limited

FIRST VISITOR: Ring up Central and ask them which is the taller—the Woolworth Building or the Metropolitan Tower.

SECOND VISITOR: What for?
"Well, we haven't time to see both."

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

INSIST ON IT by name by name by name **PISO'S** SAFE AND SAN For Coughs & Col

This syrup is different from all others.
Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains
no opiates—good for young and old.

35¢ per bottle everywhere

'Twas Ever Thus

I CAN not cook—
The heat affects my head.
Nor sweep a room—
My heart was never strong.
I can not nurse the sick;
My doctor said
With my neuritis
Sewing would be wrong.
But I can walk ten
Miles upon the links
And with a man
Play golf the whole day long.
Anne Pleasants.

Saturday's Knight!

PESTOR (looking up from his paper): I say, Jim, what is the of the Bath?

NESTOR (embracing the other): Well, as I've experienced first the water's too hot, then cold; then you're short a towel; you step on the soap, and, fine telephone bell rings!

MRS. HOYLE: Is your husband member of any organization?

MRS. DOYLE: Yes! Home F... Union.

THE war must be over
those safety matches really!

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing
Gives Speedy Relief
to Babies

Tortured by Skin Trouble
Will not irritate the tender skin

EBRU